Richard Cœur de Lion.

AN

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSR. SEDAINE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Messrs. W. WATSON, COLLES, WILSON, WILKINSON, EXSHAW, WHITE, BEATTY, BYRNE, SLEATER, CASH, PERRIN, COLBERT, LEWIS, JONES, MOORE, and HALPEN.

.M DCC LXXXVI

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN adapting the following ſcenes to the Engliſh ſtage, no adventitious matter has been introduced: ſome liberty, however, has been taken in effecting the principal incident of the piece; the diſcovery of *Richard's* confinement being now given to *Matilda* in place of *Blondel*; as well to increaſe the intereſt of the ſituation, as to avoid the leſs affecting interpoſition of the heroine in the latter part of the drama.—The elegant author of this Romance will pardon a freedom which has been taken with no other view than that of giving the beſt aſſiſtance of our ſtage to his admired compoſition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Richard,	—	Mr. KEMBLE.
Blondel,	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Floreſtan,	—	Mr. WILLIAMES.
Sir Owen,	—	Mr. BANNISTER.
The Seneſchal,	—	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Antonio,	—	Miſs ROMANZINI.
Guillot,	—	Mr. SUETT.
Old Mathew,	—	Mr. FAWCETT.
William, (*ſervant to* Sir Owen)		Mr. SPENCER.
A Pilgrim, (*the friend of* Blondel)		Mr. CHAPLIN.

Soldiers, Peaſants, &c.

Matilda,	—	Mrs. JORDAN.
Laurette,	—	Mrs. CROUCH.
Dorcas,	—	Mrs. LOVE.
Julie,	—	Miſs De CAMP.
Collette,	—	Miſs CRANFORD.

Richard Cœur de Lion.

ACT I.

SCENE. I.

A View of a ſtrong Caſtle, ſituated in a wild mountainous Country—on one ſide a Ruſtic Manſion-houſe—on the other, a Stone Seat.

During the Overture ſeveral Peaſants paſs over the Stage, with their working tools as returning from their labour.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

COME ſing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come ſing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his houſe we ſhall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow
For joy comes to-morrow.

COLLETTE.

Nor ſong, nor dance, nor joking,
Can make me gay;
Antonio—how provoking—
Is far away.

CHORUS.

Come, Collette, ſing and play,
For to-morrow's the day;
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To old Mathew's we go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow.
For joy comes to-morrow.

OLD MATHEW.

I am happy, I ſwear,
My Dorcas, my dear,
To think that to-morrow is our wedding day.

DORCAS.

Tho' we're ſixty years old,
Let the young ones behold,
Our age, like our youth, is contented and gay.

CHORUS.

Come ſing, come dance,
To-morrow's the day;
Come ſing, come dance,
Old Mathew's wedding day.
Yes, to-morrow you know,
To his houſe we ſhall go,
To drink and be gay,
To dance, ſing, and play;
Away with all ſorrow,
For joy comes to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

MATILDA.

MATILDA *after the laſt Chorus enters, led in by* ANTONIO.

MATILDA.

Antonio: what ſounds were thoſe; ſurely they were ſinging.

ANTONIO.

It is only the villagers who are returning from the fields: the ſun is ſetting, and they have done their work.

MATILDA.

Where are we now, my little guide?

ANTONIO.

You are not far from a great old caſtle, with towers and battlements. And there now, if you had your ſight, you might ſee two ſoldiers on the walls with their croſs-bows.

MATILDA.

I am ſadly tir'd.

ANTONIO.

Stay—this way—here is a ſtone—it is made into a ſeat—what a pity you cannot ſee the proſpect! tho' ſo wild, it is ſaid to be as fine as any in all Germany. *(they ſit down)* Now juſt oppoſite to us is a very well looking houſe, 'tis a farm, but as good as any gentleman's.

MATILDA.

Then go, my little friend, and find out whether we can lodge there to-night.

ANTONIO.

I will, and no doubt you may. The owner is a foreigner, from England, as they ſay; and though he is very paſſionate, all the village ſay

he is very good-natur'd. *(going, returns)* But shall I find you here when I come back?

MATILDA.

Yes, truly, you may be pretty sure of that; those can't see are not over fond of wandering. But you will not fail to return.

ANTONIO.

No, that I won't. *(going, stops)* But, Sir, there is something I have been wanting all day to tell you.

MATILDA.

Well Antonio—What is it?

ANTONIO.

Why it is—it is—oh! I am so sorry——

MATILDA.

Speak, Child!—tell me what is it?

ANTONIO.

Why it is—and it vexes me sadly—that it will not be in my power to be your guide to-morrow.

MATILDA.

How so, my little friend?

ANTONIO.

I must go to a wedding.—My grandfather and grandmother keep their wedding-day to-morrow, and my grandson, who is their brother——

MATILDA.

Your grandson—Have you a grandson, Antonio?

ANTONIO.

No—*their* grandson, who is my brother, that's it—is to be married at the same time, to a sweet pretty little girl of the village.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

But what will become of me without a guide?

ANTONIO.

Oh! I'll engage ſome one for you, I'll warrant; and you may contrive to come to the wedding, and join in the muſic, while we dance. We'll manage, never fear.

MATILDA.

You love dancing, Antonio?

SONG.

ANTONIO.

I.

The merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I ſeize,
And preſs it too whene'er I pleaſe,
And none can ſee, and none reprove;
Then on thy cheek quick bluſhes glow,
And then we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

II.

She's ſweet fifteen, I'm one year more.
Yet ſtill we are too young they ſay,
But we know better, ſure, than they,
Youth ſhould not liſten to threeſcore;
And I'm reſolv'd I'll tell her ſo,
When next we whiſper ſoft and low,
Oh! how I grieve! you ne'er her charms can know.

[*Exit.*

MATILDA.

Antonio!—he is gone—now then I may ſafely uſe my ſight. (*Takes the bandage from her eyes.*) A fortreſs indeed—there are towers, and

moats, and battlements. They say it is strongly guarded and almost inaccessible. It's appearance at least justifies the report that was made to me; for in this wild and sequester'd spot, such a pile could only be employed to hide some mighty captive.—Oh Richard! my hero! my belov'd! what hardships may you not be enduring: nor have you even the sad consolation to know that your faithful Matilda, exiled for her love to you, has abandoned every hope and duty, and in this poor and base disguise, pursues your name, and wanders through the world; but here my cares and search shall end. If my foreboding soul misleads me, and this spot affords no tidings of its Lord, then, if my heart breaks not, in the near convent's cell, I'll hide my woes and shame for ever.

S O N G.

MATILDA.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithless world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapless lot.
I alone of all remain
To unbind thy cruel chain,
By the faithless world forgot;
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!
Thus the valiant you repay,
In disaster's heavy hour,
Faithless friendship's far away.

Yet,

Yet, royal youth,
One faithful heart,
From tenderest truth,
Tho' hopeleſs, never ſhall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!
By the faithleſs world forgot;
I alone in exile rove,
To lament thy hapleſs lot.

But I hear a noiſe; I muſt reſume my diſguiſe.

SIR OWEN. *(ſpeaking without)*
I'll teach you to bring letters to my daughter.

Enter SIR OWEN *and* GUILLOT, *and* LAURETTE, *(who remains behind.)*

GUILLOT.
Sir, 'twas the Governor ſent me.

SIR OWEN.
The Governor!—what's the Governor to me?

QUARTETTO.

MATILDA, GUILLOT, SIR OWEN, *and* LAURETTE.

SIR OWEN.
What care I for the Governor?

MATILDA.
Oh! ſhould it be this Governor. *(aſide.)*

GUILLOT.
He ſent me, I knew no better.
——————— with the letter.

SIR OWEN.

My daughter listen to his art,
What am I Laurette
So far forget
The modeſt virgin's duteous part.
——And thou—I pray, *(to Guillot)*
Good knave, ſhall I the poſtage pay?

GUILLOT.

No, Sir, indeed,
There is no need,
I'm gone with ſpeed.

SIR OWEN.

Pray tell your Governor,
His hopes are vain
Laurette to gain.
His Lordſhip is by far too good,
And I wou'd thank him if I cou'd.

MATILDA.

If of this caſtle he ſhould be
The Governor—what joy for me. *(aſide.)*

GUILLOT.

Yet he's my Lord the Governor.

SIR OWEN.

What's he to me, your Governor;
Begone, I ſay,
You'd beſt not ſtay;
And you, if ever I diſcover—*To Laurette, who comes forward.)*
You lend an ear
To this deſigning lover.
Then, then, you ſhall have cauſe to fear.

MATILDA.

Ah! ſhould it be, what joy for me. *(aſide)*
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray,
(to them)
Your anger ceaſe,
Keep, keep the peace.

LAURETTE.

What can this be,
I never ſee
The Governor.

MATILDA.

Ah! ſhould it be this Governor,
Ah! ſhould it be, what joy for me. *(aſide)*
Come, come, my friends, no quarrel, pray.
Your anger ceaſe,
Keep, keep the peace, &c.

[*Exit Guillot.*

SIR OWEN.

Get into the houſe—in I ſay. *(Exit Laurette.)* She tells me ſhe never ſees him—that ſhe never ſpeaks to him, and yet he writes to her. The Governor is a very civil gentleman, only he wants to run away with my daughter—and ſhe is very obedient to her father—only ſhe'll do nothing I bid her—I ſhould like to know what all this is now. *(looking at the letter)* The Governor writes a military hand—his letters edge out a Cheveux de frize faſhion—all zig-zag—like his own fortification—I can't make my way thro' it—I wiſh I had ſomebody to deciſer it—Oh! here's a ſort of an outlandiſh lad—I may truſt him. Youngſter—can you read?

MATILDA.

Oh! yes, Sir.——

SIR OWEN.

Well then read me this. *(Gives the letter.)*

MATILDA.

Oh indeed Sir! I could once, but the cruel Saracens—

SIR OWEN.

The Saracens—what did the Saracens do to you?

MATILDA.

The cruel monsters put out my eyes, having taken me prisoner in a great battle, where I was page to a Captain in King Richard's army! But have you not seen a little boy?

SIR OWEN.

Yes.

MATILDA.

'Tis he who guides me—He can read, and will do whatever you bid him. *(returning the letter.)*

SIR OWEN.

Oh! here he comes I believe.

Enter ANTONIO.

MATILDA.

Antonio, is that you?

ANTONIO.

Yes, 'tis I.

MATILDA.

Take the letter which the gentleman here will give you, and read it aloud to him.

ANTONIO, *reading.*

"Beautiful Lauretta,

SIR

SIR OWEN.

Pshaw!

ANTONIO.

" Beautiful Laurette, my heart overflows " with extacy and gratitude, for the kind aſ- " ſurances you give me of eternal affection."

SIR OWEN.

Eternal affection—and that puts him into an extacy—very well.

MATILDA.

Pray let him go on.

ANTONIO.

" If my attendance on the priſoner whom I " muſt not quit." —

SIR OWEN.

So much the better.

MATILDA.

The priſoner! *(aſide.)*

ANTONIO.

" If my attendance on the priſoner, whom I " muſt not quit, would ſuffer me to go out " during the day—I would haſten to throw my- ſelf."—

SIR OWEN.

Into the ditch of your caſtle I hope.

MATILDA.

Whom I muſt not quit. *(aſide.)*—Read on quickly.—*(to Antonio.)*

ANTONIO.

" I would haſten to throw myſelf at your " feet.—But if 'this night."—here are ſome words blotted out.

MATILDA.

Well, what follows.

ANTONIO.

ANTONIO.

"Contrive some means to inform me, at "what hour I may speak to you. Your ten-"der, faithful, and eternally constant, "

"FLORESTAN."

SIR OWEN.

Here's a damn'd Governor for you—Oh! if I had him in England on the top of Penman-mawr.

MATILDA.

What!—Are you a Briton then?

SIR OWEN.

Yes, I am, Sir, and an enemy to slaves of course, in love, or out.—

MATILDA.

Glorious nation! But how comes it, Sir, that you are settled so far from your native country?

SIR OWEN.

Oh! that's too long a story to tell you, but it would not have happen'd if I hadn't gone to the Crusades at Palestine.

MATILDA.

What, under the brave Richard?

SIR OWEN.

Brave! aye! I would follow him to the world's end—my ruin was no fault of his.—Well you must know, that when I returned from Palestine, I found my father was dead.—

MATILDA.

He was very old perhaps.

SIR

SIR OWEN.

No—but he was ſlain by a neighbour of his in ſingle combat.

MATILDA.

What was the diſpute?

SIR OWEN.

A rabbit—My father ſhot a rabbit on the right ſide of a hedge, where his neighbour contended he was entitled only to ſhoot on the left.—So he ſlew my father, and I revenged his death.

ANTONIO.

So there was two men kill'd for one rabbit.

MATILDA.

Of courſe—you fled——

SIR OWEN.

Yes, with my daughter and wife, who is ſince dead—my caſtle and my lands were forfeited—and after fighting her battles, I was ſentenc'd by my ungrateful country——

MATILDA.

A hard and ill return indeed——

SIR OWEN.

No ſuch thing, Sir.—'Twas juſtice, tho' ſevere; I ſuffer no man to abuſe my country, but myſelf.

MATILDA.

Heaven forbid I ſhou'd traduce it.—But, Sir, one requeſt.

SIR OWEN. (*looking out.*)

It muſt be they—ſtay good youth—I ſee ſome friends whom I expect. If you wiſh refreſhment—the poor and friendleſs are never driven from my door. [*Exit.*

Enter LAURETTE. *(from the house.)*

LAURETTE.

Pray, good youth, tell me what my father has been saying to you.

MATILDA.

Are you the pretty Laurette?

LAURETTE.

Yes, Sir.

MATILDA.

Your father is very angry—he knows the contents of that letter from the Chevalier Floreſtan.

LAURETTE.

Yes—Floreſtan is his name—and did you read the letter to my father?

MATILDA.

No—not I—I am blind, alas!—it was my little guide.

ANTONIO.

Yes, but didn't you bid me read it? [*retires.*

LAURETTE.

Oh! I wiſh you had not done ſo.——

MATILDA.

Some other perſon wou'd.

LAURETTE.

That's true—and what did the letter ſay?

MATILDA.

It ſays that on account of the priſoner in that caſtle—and who *is* that priſoner?

LAURETTE.

Oh!—no one knows who it is.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

The Chevalier cannot come to throw himself at your feet.

LAURETTE.

Poor Floreſtan!

MATILDA.

——But that this night——

LAURETTE.

This night!

S O N G.

LAURETTE.

Oh! wou'd the night my bluſhes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats, and trembles too.

But when my hand he gently preſſes,
A ſtruggling ſigh I fear confeſſes,
Ah! more than bluſhes cou'd impart,
And more than words betrays my heart.

Oh! wou'd the night my bluſhes hide,
The truth to thee I wou'd confide.
Yes, yes, I own 'tis true,
When e'er his eyes I meet,
I feel my heart begins to beat,
It beats and trembles too.

MATILDA.

You love him then, Laurette?

LAURETTE.

Oh moſt dearly, that I do, day and night, truly and ſincerely.

MATILDA.

And do you not fear to own it?

LAURETTE.

No, not to you. You ſeem kind and tender-hearted, and you ſpeak gently to me; and then you cannot ſee me. Whether I bluſh or not—and ſo—I am not afraid.

MATILDA.

Pretty Laurette!

LAURETTE.

But who told you I was pretty?

MATILDA.

Alas, being blind, I gueſs only by the voice; the ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs of that is beauty to me. But let me counſel you, my innocent. Theſe knights, theſe men of high deſcent, beware of them; when they ſeem moſt devoted to your beauty, they are leaſt forgetful of their own rank, and the nobleneſs of your ſoul is overlook'd by the pride of their own high birth.

LAURETTE.

Well!——

MATILDA.

Well!—Why then their love muſt be deceit, and their purpoſe to betray.——

LAURETTE.

But my birth is not inferior to his, tho' my father is now in baniſhment.——

MATILDA.

No!—and does he know it?

LAURETTE.

LAURETTE.

Yes; and never talks to me but in words of goodneſs and honour: and if it wasn't that my father is ſo paſſionate, I ſhou'd have told him every thing long ago.

MATILDA.

And wou'd you, before you have inform'd your father, meet this man whom you love ſo, and converſe with him, and in the night too?—Liſten to me.

AIR.

MATILDA *and* LAURETTE.

MATILDA.

The god of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded;
'Tis to ſhew us that his pow'r
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrowded.

LAURETTE.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty ſtrain,
Pray again, again.
A leſſon kind it does impart,
To guard againſt a lover's art.

MATILDA.

With all my heart.

The God of love a bandeau wears,
Wou'd you know what it declares,
And why his eyes are clouded;
'Tis to ſhew you that his pow'r
Is ne'er ſo fatal, ne'er ſo ſure,
As when in darkneſs ſhrouded.

LAURETTE.

Look, there are two pilgrims meeting my father—ſee—he embraces one of them—ſure, thoſe cannot be the viſitors he expected—I muſt go——

MATILDA.

A moment, Laurette—I have ſomething to ſay to you.

LAURETTE.

About Floreſtan?

MATILDA.

No!

LAURETTE.

Oh! then I can't ſtay. [*Exit, into the houſe.*

MATILDA.

They are coming this way. I can't retire till my guide comes.

Enter SIR OWEN, BLONDEL, *and* PILGRIMS.

SIR OWEN.

My brave friend, how rejoiced I am to ſee you—You are well diſguiſed indeed; I myſelf ſhould never have gueſſed it was Blondel.

MATILDA.

Blondel! what do I hear. *(Aſide.)*

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL.

Caution, my friend, My ſearch wou'd be fruitleſs indeed, ſhou'd I be diſcovered?—— And ſee.

(Pointing to Matilda.

SIR OWEN.

I did not obſerve—it is a poor blind youth, a wandering minſtrel who diverts the peaſants.

MATILDA.

Shall I play, worthy gentleman? I have a ditty made by a royal lover, on the lady whom he loved. *(Plays.)*

SIR OWEN.

Why are you ſo much aſtoniſhed?

BLONDEL.

That was made by my gallant maſter—prithee go on.

(She Plays again.)

BLONDEL.

Oh! how it reminds me of happy days!—Tell me boy—where cou'd you learn that tune?

MATILDA.

I was taught it, by a ſervant of King Richard's camp, who ſaid he had heard the King himſelf ſing to it.

BLONDEL.

Even ſo;—he made it, for the lovely and unfortunate Matilda; unfortunate indeed!—for paſſing thro' Artois, I learn'd that ſhe had left her father's court, and fled almoſt alone, upon the rumour that the royal Richard had been

been treacherouſly ſeiſed, as he returned from Paleſtine.—O! if her gallant Monarch yet lives, ſure heaven will guide ſome of thoſe who ſeek him, to the Priſon that immures him.

SIR OWEN.

Perhaps the fair Matilda alone has had intelligence.

BLONDEL.

O! no—But yeſterday I paſſed the Seneſchal's, her father's truſty friend, who with a choſen band of troops, was ſearching to reclaim her; and he has learn'd, that ſtript of her companions by perfidy, or death—deprived ſhe had ſought the ſadder priſon of a monaſtry.

MATILDA.

The Seneſchal ſo near, *(aſide)* Gracious, Sir, if my muſic has pleas'd you, will you entreat your kind hoſt to lodge this night a harmleſs minſtrel, who loſt his precious ſight in Paleſtine, and I will play all night to ſooth you.

BLONDEL.

Poor Youth.—He will I doubt not.

SIR OWEN.

I had refuſed him only from the caution I thought due to you. But here is no danger, if yet you chuſe to be unknown—my ſervant's are all truſty, and not curious—But come, you muſt forget the Pilgrim awhile, and we will have a jovial health or two, and recollect old times!—Some wine there! and ſeats—the evening's fair—we'll into ſupper ſoon—and then

then when we're alone, you shall inform me of your travels, and all that you have heard of Richard's fortune's.

While he has been speaking, BLONDEL *converses with* MATILDA, *who* PLAYS *again—*SERVANTS *bring Wine, Seats, &c. Others Music. Then* BLONDEL *seems to speak to* SIR OWEN.

SIR OWEN.

The youth is right, so far.—Some prisoner of note is lodged there, doubtless—but it were wild indeed to guess it for the King.—More wine boy!—We'll have a health to Richard wherever he is—and then you shall hear a song of mine—Oh! in England I should have a fine chorus to it.

MUSIC

BLONDEL *talks to* MATILDA, *who seems disappointed to hear* RICHARD *is not likely to be in the Castle—*BLONDEL *bids one of the* SERVANTS *bring Wine to* MATILDA, *who calls* ANTONIO *and gives it to him.*

MATILDA.

Antonio!

ANTONIO.

Here am I——

MATILDA.

Come nearer—here, drink my good boy.

(*Antonio Drinks.*

SIR OWEN.

Now then—and observe the chorus.

SONG.

SONG.

SIR OWEN.

I.

Let the Sultan Saladin,
Play the rake in Paleſtine,
While he claims his ſubjects duty,
He's himſelf a ſlave to beauty,
Wearing baſer chains than they.
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

II.

Cœur de Lion loves the wars,
Richard's joy is blows and ſcars;
Conquer'd Pagan's fly before him,
Chriſtian warriors all adore him,
Watching, marching night and day.
Well! well!
Every man muſt have his way;
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

III.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
You recruit the bold crusade,
Making zealots cross the ocean,
In a fit of fierce devotion;
Pilgrims love to fast and pray,
Well! well!
Every man must have his way.
But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

CHORUS.

But to my poor way of thinking,
There's no joy like drinking.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Theatre repreſents the inner Works of an old Fortification. Towards the Front is a Terrace incloſed by Rails and a Foſſe; and ſo ſituated, that when RICHARD *appears upon it, he cannot ſee* MATILDA, *who is upon the outer Parapet.*

The time, the dawn of day.

RICHARD *and* FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

THE morning breaks—the freſh air is lighten'd by the dawn—profit of it, Sire, for your health's ſake.—Within an hour your guards muſt do their duty, and you will be again ſecluded from the day.

RICHARD.

Floreſtan!

FLORESTAN.

Sire!

RICHARD.

You fortune is in your power.

FLORESTAN.

Sire!—my honour is.

RICHARD.

RICHARD.

Honour! to a traitor!—a baſe! perfidious—

FLORESTAN.

Did I believe him ſo, I would not ſerve him; and not believing, I muſt not liſten, where I dare not anſwer.——

RICHARD.

But Floreſtan— [*Floreſtan bows and exit.*

RICHARD.

Oh heart! burſt not!—oh God!—oh miſery!—Is this to be my lot for ever!—In the vigour of my days, circled with conquering laurels, the Chriſtians ſhield! The ſcourge of haughty Paleſtine! Am I doom'd, by a vile traitor's craft, to wear my life away in ignominious bondage!—O that the efforts of my fierce deſpair could reach the ears of my brave diſtant ſoldiers!—How would it fire their hearts to learn that their king!—their leader!—but Richard is forgot, deſerted by his people—by the world!—O my glory!—O ye records of my valour!—O memory of my victories!—What do you avail? *(he looks on a picture,)*—Image of her I love!—come—O! calm, conſole my heart—ſoothe for a moment the keen ſorrows that deſtroy me!—Image of her I love, ſweet ſmiling witneſs of my former bliſs!—canſt thou recall my boſom's fortitude!—No—thou doſt redouble all my griefs—thou art my deſpair.——Oh death! death! I call on thee—thy dart alone can break my chains! my freedom is my grave!

[*He walks to the farther end of the terrace, and remains in a poſture of deep deſpair.*

Enter MATILDA *and* ANTONIO *on the other ſide the Foſſe and Parapet.*

MATILDA.

Antonio, ſtay awhile; here on this riſing ground we'll reſt—I love to feel the pure freſh air—it is the balmy breath of morn, whiſpering the ſun's approach. Where are we now?

ANTONIO.

Cloſe to the parapet of the caſtle which you bid me bring you to [*Matilda offering to get upon the Parapet.*] Ah! don't attempt to get upon it—you'll fall into a great moat on the other ſide and be drown'd.

MATILDA.

Indeed! Well, here kind boy—take this money, and go buy ſomething for us that we may breakfaſt.

ANTONIO.

You have given me a great deal——

MATILDA.

Keep for yourſelf what is too much.

ANTONIO.

Oh, thank you!—and pray take care not to go too near the moat. [*Exit.*

MATILDA.

When you return we will walk to ſome ſhade—ſhall we?—You don't anſwer me—he is gone—and nearly out of ſight—how quickly youth executes a willing duty.—Now then, (*lifts up the Bandeau, and raiſes herſelf on the Parapet.*) Ah! not nearer!—

[RICHARD

[RICHARD *returns to the front of the Terrace.*]

RICHARD.

A year—a year is paſs'd! hope is exhauſted!

MATILDA.

How ſtill! how ſilent.——Sure if thoſe walls encloſe him, my voice may reach their deepeſt receſſes.—O! if he is here he will remember the ſtrain—'twas the offering of his earlieſt love in happy days—of love for her, who now uncertain of his fate—yet ſhares his miſery.

RICHARD.

No chearing thought! no glimmering ray of conſolation.—O memory!—O Matilda!

[MATILDA *Plays.*]

RICHARD.

What ſounds!—heavens!—the very ſtrain I once—O let me hear——

MATILDA *Sings.*

"One night in ſickneſs lying,
"A prey to grief and pain.

RICHARD.

O God, that voice!

MATILDA *Sings.*

"When aid of man was vain,
"And hope and life were flying,
"Then came my miſtreſs to my bed,
"And Death and Pain and Sorrow fled."

(She ſtops and raiſes herſelf to liſten.)

RICHARD, *while she sings, having expressed the extremes of surprize, hope, and joy, seems to endeavour to recall to his memory the rest of the ditty, and recollecting it answers.*

RICHARD *Sings.*

" The gentle tears soft falling
" Of her whom I adore,
" My tender hopes recalling,
" Did life and love restore.

MATILDA *during this answer appears greatly agitated; she even appears almost fainting.*

MATILDA *Sings.*

" A mighty king doth languish,
" Within a prison's gloom;
" Ah! could I share his doom,
" Ah! could I soothe his anguish."

RICHARD.

Is it Matilda?

RICHARD *Sings.*

" Could I but view Matilda's eyes,
" Fortune thy frowns I should despise.

RICHARD.

RICHARD.

" The gentle tears ſoft falling
" Of her ſo long ador'd,
" My tender hopes recalling,
" Have love and life reſtor'd."

MATILDA.

" My gentle tears faſt falling,
" For him ſo long ador'd,
" His tender hopes recalling,
" Have love and life reſtor'd."

Together.

After MATILDA *has repeated the ſtrain, ſhewing great joy,* FLORESTAN *and* SOLDIERS *appear.* FLORESTAN *requeſts the King to retire into the caſtle—he does ſo; while another party ſeize* MATILDA, *and paſſing a draw-bridge, bring her into the front of the works.*

DUO AND CHORUS.

MATILDA, GUARDS, &c.

CHORUS.——SOLDIERS.

Speak quickly, quickly, who art thou?
Who ſent thee here? Whence come, and how?

MATILDA.

Are you ſtrangers paſſing near,
Pleas'd, perhaps, my ſong to hear?

CHORUS.——SOLDIERS.

To priſon ſtraight, to priſon ſtraight,
There he may ſing early and late.

MATILDA.

Ah, good Sir, no anger, pray,
With pity hear what I've to ſay!
The Saracens, ſo fierce in fight,
Have deprived me of my ſight,
And ſhut me from the bleſſed light.

CHORUS.——SOLDIERS.

'Tis well for thee,
For could'ſt thou ſee,
Thou ſhould'ſt die by our decree.

MATILDA.

I know not what this anger's for,
I've buſineſs with the Governor;
'Tis of moment you will ſee,
And he ſhould know it inſtantly.

CHORUS.——SOLDIERS.

You know not what our anger's for,
And wou'd ſpeak with the Governor?

MATILDA.

'Tis of moment, you will ſee,
And he ſhould know it inſtantly.

CHORUS.——SOLDIERS.

Well, you ſhall ſee the Governor,
He'll tell you what our anger's for!
But ſince your buſineſs is of weight,
We'll ſuſpend a while your fate.

Hark!

Hark!—he comes, the Governor;
And now take heed, take heed, pert youth,
To tell the truth;
For if you lie,
If you lie to the Governor,
Your fate is fix'd, you surely die.

Enter FLORESTAN.

MATILDA.

Where is the Governor?

FLORESTAN.

Here!

MATILDA.

On which ſide?

FLORESTAN.

Here!——

MATILDA.

I have ſomething of importance to communicate to him.

FLORESTAN.

Attempt no trifling, or you periſh that inſtant.

MATILDA.

Ah Sir! theſe who have loſt their ſight, are half depriv'd of life already!—Is it for a poor blind minſtrel like me to attempt to deceive you?

FLORESTAN.

Speak then.

MATILDA.

Are we alone?—Now I think my device can't fail. *(Aſide.)*

FLORESTAN,

FLORESTAN.

Retire. (*Soldiers retire.*) We are.

MATILDA.

Then, Sir, the lovely Laurette.

FLORESTAN.

Speak lower. You may ſtand farther off. (*to the ſoldiers*). (*Matilda expreſſes her joy at the ſucceſs of her plan.*)

MATILDA.

The beauteous Laurette, Sir, has read to me the letter you ſent her yeſterday; in which you expreſs your joy at her confeſſing her love for you, and preſs ſo much for an opportunity to ſpeak with her.

FLORESTAN.

Well my good friend, and what ſays ſhe?

MATILDA.

She ſays you may ſafely call at her father's houſe this evening, at any hour you pleaſe.—

FLORESTAN.

At her father's houſe!

MATILDA.

Yes; ſhe ſays her father has ſome friends with him, to whom he means to give a fête, and takes the opportunity of a wedding in the neighbourhood to invite all the village to his houſe, where there will be nothing but feaſting, dancing, and merriment; during which, Laurette ſays, ſhe will find means to ſpeak with you; and you may eaſily make a pretence for the viſit.

FLORESTAN.

Tell her I will not fail—but how comes ſhe to employ you in this buſineſs?—you are blind.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

The leſs likely to be ſuſpected—ſhe loves to hear me play and ſing—and ſhe has been ſo generous to me, I would riſk any thing to ſerve her—beſides, I brought a little guide with me.

FLORESTAN.

You have manag'd extremely well—and the noiſe you made, I ſuppoſe was on purpoſe to be brought before me.——

MATILDA.

For what could it be elſe!—But with your guards forſooth, I was a ſpy, a lurking emiſſary, trying to diſcover who was impriſon'd here——ha! ha!——

FLORESTAN.

Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous enough!—But you have really done it very well—Here is a purſe for—[*offers money.*]

MATILDA.

Pardon good Governor—ſhould any one be near, and obſerve that you reward me, they will ſuſpect ſomething——

FLORESTAN.

'Tis very true——(*he croſſes by her.*)

MATILDA.

But Mr. Governor, leſt they ſhould—

FLORESTAN.

Well!

MATILDA.

O, you are on that ſide—I ſay, leſt they ſhould gueſs at my errand, hadn't you better ſeem angry, and ſo reprimand me, and ſend me back.

FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN—*(Signs to the Soldiers to come down.)*

You are right—upon my life this is a very clever lad—tho' he is blind.

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Sir, to blame me is moſt hard,
For the noiſe pray blame the guard.

FLORESTAN.

They ſhould not ſend ſuch fooliſh boys,
For ſuch a meſſage—ſuch a noiſe.

CHORUS.——SOLDIERS.

Silence fellow, and begone,
'Twas you alarm'd the garriſon.

Enter ANTONIO *frighten'd and crying.*

ANTONIO.

Ah! good Sir, forgive him pray,
Ah! hear with pity what I ſay;
The Saracens ſo fierce in fight,
Have deprived him of his ſight,
And ſhut him from the bleſſed light.

CHORUS.——SOLDIERS. (TO MATILDA.)

'Tis well for thee,
For could'ſt thou ſee,
Thou had'ſt died by our decree.
So haſte away,
Begone I ſay,
And if again we catch you here,
Be aſſur'd 'twill coſt you dear.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.

Sirs, I believe you,
Nor will deceive you,
Never more will I appear,
Never more offend you here.

ANTONIO.

In truth if here
He does appear,
It shall be
Without me.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A great Hall in SIR OWEN'S *House.*

BLONDEL *and* FRIEND *with* SIR OWEN.

BLONDEL.

MY friend, I wou'd without profeſſion treſpaſs on your hoſpitality, but in truth we muſt away—our ſearch I do perceive is fruitleſs here—and till I learn ſome tidings of my royal maſter's ſtate, I cannot tarry for mirth's ſake—therefore we leave you to your rural gueſts, and may gay content be with you.

SIR OWEN.

I cannot blame your haſte, tho' I lament it—yet one night methinks—you will ſee gay paſtimes, and ſimple jollity, but ſuch as will divert you, believe me; and ſee here is my little pratler Julie will join in my requeſt.

Enter

Enter JULIE.

[*She is going to ſpeak, but ſeeing the Strangers, ſhe runs to* SIR OWEN *and whiſpers him.*]

SIR OWEN.

Surely my child.—She tells me ſhe has a ſong which ſhe muſt ſing to-night after the dance, if I approve it.

JULIE.

Oh, Sir—but it was to be a ſecret—you were not to have ſaid a word about it yet.

SIR OWEN.

No!—well, they will not betray you—they are going to leave us Julie—can't you perſuade them to ſtay.

JULIE.

They look ſo grave, I am afraid of them.

SIR OWEN.

Oh! go—try.

JULIE.—[*goes to Blondel and takes his hand.*]

Pray Sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be ſo merry.

BLONDEL.

We are very ſorry, my pretty hoſteſs, that it muſt be ſo.

JULIE.

But indeed you ſhall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

SIR OWEN.

You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myſelf.

JULIE.

Lord, Sir, that you'd be pleaſant—ha! ha! I ſhould like to ſee *you* dance!

SIR OWEN.

Well you are very good however, Julie, to wiſh me to be ſome way amuſed—it is very conſiderate in you.

JULIE.

Yes, Sir, becauſe then you wou'd have ſomething elſe to do than to mind us——

SIR OWEN.

So!—very well innocent!

JULIE.

Then pray gentlemen don't go—let me intreat you to ſtay for our feſtival.

SONG.

SONG.

JULIE.

I.

Let me, gentle Pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm ſure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind Sir we beg you'll deign to ſtay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,
All on the green, with garlands freſh and fair,
Oh! what delight, wou'd you our paſtimes ſhare.
With dance and ſong
We'll join the throng
And baniſh every care;
For ſuch a theme,
Tho' young I ſeem,
Yet ſing I may one tender lay,
Oh! Love, O! gentleſt pow'r
Smile on the wedding hour.

II.

You ſee, my dear father, tho' young I can pleaſe,
The pilgrim will ſtay, I have won him with eaſe:
Yes, yes, I am ſure he can't ſay nay,
We all ſhall keep this holyday.
Then on the green, your pleaſure to enhance,
If you but think to Julie to advance,
Altho' not yet
Tall as Laurette,
I think you'll own I can dance.
With ſprightly ſtep
I'll bound, I'll leap,
And ſing all day
That happy lay,
O! Love, O! gentle pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the Seneſchal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to ſpeak to you——

SIR OWEN.

I come. *(Exit Servant.)* My friends it ſhall not be farewell, yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes ſigns to Blondel not to leave them.*

FRIEND.

You ſtill avoid being known to the Seneſchal.

BLONDEL.

Perhaps I may ſafely diſcloſe myſelf; but wherefore if Richard ——

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

There is a youth without, who ſays he muſt be admitted to you.

BLONDEL.

To me?

SERVANT.

He that you heard play and ſing yeſterday.

BLONDEL.

——Pray let him come.—— [*Exit Servant.*

And after we will purſue our journey.

Enter MATILDA.

MATILDA.

How Sir? Did you doubt to ſee me? I have ſpent

ſpent the day requeſting it. You ſhou'd not have paus'd upon it, but hear me, and alone.—

BLONDEL.

I knew not your deſire ſooner—but how is this good youth—you were blind yeſterday?

MATILDA.

True; and ought I not to bleſs heaven, that the firſt object which preſents itſelf to my reſtor'd ſight is—Blondel!

BLONDEL.

Ha!—you know me then?

MATILDA.

Yes;—and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? O! has no powerful impulſe work'd upon your heart? has no inſtinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpoſe, ſtir'd in your alarm'd boſom, and chid the raſh deſertion of your valor's duty? Then periſh royal Richard! waſte on proud ſoul, in baſe captivity—thy careleſs friends paſs by thy priſon gates, and man and heaven deſert thee!

BLONDEL.

What can this mean? my royal maſter——

MATILDA.

Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—paſs but theſe gates and you behold his priſon—but hold—

[*Enter* SIR OWEN *ſpeaking to the* SENESCHAL *and two* KNIGHTS.]

SIR OWEN.

Nay, but the youth you ſpeak of, is—

SENESCHAL.

Matilda—my noble miſtreſs! *(kneels)*. thus let me excuſe the abrupt intruſion of my duty—

BLONDEL.

Matilda!

MATILDA.

Riſe Seneſchal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all ſhe ow'd her ſtation and a fathers love—but tell them peerleſs Richard was the cauſe—and tell them too, that heaven at length has ſanction'd what reſiſtleſs love reſolv'd—away reſerve—Seneſchal I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your maſter's friend—Sir Owen your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton——

SIR OWEN.

We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the ſymphony plays, ſome of the* SENESCHAL'S *party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they ſeem to relate what has paſs'd as they range themſelves behind* MATILDA.]

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty King!

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

MATILDA.

'Twas I, with ſong and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in ſafe diſguiſe.
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And cou'd my heart that voice forget.
No Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there.
But long a pris'ner ſhall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

CAVALIERS.

Not long a pris'ner ſhall he be.
Let us arm;
Here we ſwear to ſet him free.
Give th' alarm!

BLONDEL.

Haſte is vain,
'Tis prudence muſt his freedom gain;
Prudence muſt your rage reſtrain.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm.

MATILDA.

Blondel, check the raſh alarm.
What ſhou'd be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh liſten to Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard—mark him well.

BLONDEL.

Let our deeds our friendſhip tell
In the battle—mark Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm, &c. &c. &c.

MATILDA.

Oh, now you give me life—O generous Sir Owen—O faithful Blondel!—and you my gallant friends.—But thanks wou'd wrong you—the cauſe is yours.

SENESCHAL.

No moment muſt be loſt; the troops I head, ſelect and brave, though ſmall their number, will attempt at leaſt whatever you command.

BLONDEL.

Our cauſe and valour ſhall ſupply the reſt.

MATILDA.

You, Sir Owen, know this Governor. Is he a man whom gold——

SIR OWEN.

I muſt be juſt. He's one whom neither fear nor intereſt will ſway.

BLONDEL.

Then force alone's our hope.

MATILDA.

Attend a moment.——Sir Owen, Floreſtan is appriz[ed], that you intend this night a rural feaſt; he means to be partaker of your mirth, in hopes of ſpeaking with Laurette.

SIR

SIR OWEN.

How!

MATILDA.

I cannot now explain this; but be aſſured he will be here. Some choſen guards may then ſurround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuſes—

BLONDEL.

Then to arms!—Here indeed is hope. Seneſchal direct your men to paſs the wood, and nearer the moraſs attend our ſignal. Let us prepare and arm.

[*Exeunt* Blondel, Seneſchal, *and* Cavaliers.

MATILDA.

The juſt avenger of the brave inſpire and guide you!

Enter LAURETTE *and* SERVANTS.

LAURETTE.

My father, your village friends will be here ſtraight, and the muſic is not yet come—then how ſhall we dance?

SIR OWEN.

They will be here my child—fear not my dear Laurette. *(Sir Owen ſeems to give directions to the ſervants.)*

LAURETTE.

My *dear* Laurette, ſo! he's not angry with me now—my dear father *(to Sir Owen)* now I am happy! only I wiſh Floreſtan cou'd be here to-night.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.——*(aside.)*

Charming Laurette! but I dare not trust her yet—'tis happy, however, that the course we have determin'd on, is free from any peril to Floreſtan—In the midſt of my own anxieties, I am intereſted for her happineſs.

[*Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expreſſes ſurprize at ſeeing her no longer blind.*]

SIR OWEN.

And mark me, you William, ſet my old buckler and great ſword in my cloſet.

WILLIAM.

Sir they'll be cumberſome to dance in.

SIR OWEN.

Fellow do as I bid you. *(puſhes him out)* Oh, more lights here in the hall—and d'ye hear—be ready to welcome all comers—ſo—*(calling thro' the ſide ſcene.—Obſerving Laurette and Matilda.)* I muſt not however appear in their ſecrets yet.

T R I O.

MATILDA, LAURETTE *and* SIR OWEN.

MATILDA.—*(aside to Laurette.)*

Yes, yes, Floreſtan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

LAURETTE.

Oh! what delight what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to ſpeak to me.

MATILDA

MATILDA—*(to Sir Owen, seeing him approach.)*
We no ſecrets have, good Knight,
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

LAURETTE—*(very demurely.)*
Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you,
The youth's well bred and honeſt too.

SIR OWEN.
I'm ſure you have no myſtery,
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.

LAURETTE—*(to Matilda aſide.)*
But does he know how well I love,
And does he ſwear he'll conſtant prove?

MATILDA.
Had you but ſeen the generous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

LAURETTE.
——— Kneel and vow,
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

SIR OWEN.
What, he tells thee that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light?

LAURETTE.
Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you:
He is ſaying that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

MATILDA.
We no ſecrets have, good Knight,
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

SIR OWEN.

What he tells thee, &c. &c. &c.

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, &c. &c.

(Tabors and pipes heard behind the ſcenes.)

SIR OWEN.

So, our gueſts are at hand. My Laurette give them welcome.

JULIE *runs in.*

JULIE.

They are all coming, and all ſo gay, and ſo neatly dreſs'd—indeed, Sir, they are—and I ſaw the little bride myſelf, bluſhing, and looking ſo pretty.——Dear it muſt be a charming thing to be married!

LAURETTE.

Yes, they are coming indeed, Sir.

SIR OWEN.

And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you——

JULIE.

Yes, that I am. But pray what are all thoſe fine knights gathering about the houſe for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, ſiſter, they look ſo fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

SIR OWEN.

Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

JULIE.

Enter JULIE.

[*She is going to ſpeak, but ſeeing the Strangers, ſhe runs to* SIR OWEN *and whiſpers him.*]

SIR OWEN.

Surely my child.—She tells me ſhe has a ſong which ſhe muſt ſing to-night after the dance, if I approve it.

JULIE.

Oh, Sir—but it was to be a ſecret—you were not to have ſaid a word about it yet.

SIR OWEN.

No!—well, they will not betray you—they are going to leave us Julie—can't you perſuade them to ſtay.

JULIE.

They look ſo grave, I am afraid of them.

SIR OWEN.

Oh! go—try.

JULIE.—[*goes to Blondel and takes his hand.*]

Pray Sir, don't leave us; how can you think of going away when we are all going to be ſo merry.

BLONDEL.

We are very ſorry, my pretty hoſteſs, that it muſt be ſo.

JULIE.

But indeed you ſhall not go—for if you go away, my father will have no one to talk to while we are all dancing and running about.

SIR OWEN.

You little rogue, how do you know but I intend to dance myſelf.

JULIE.

Lord, Sir, that wou'd be pleaſant—ha! ha! I ſhould like to ſee *you* dance!

SIR OWEN.

Well you are very good however, Julie, to wiſh me to be ſome way amuſed—it is very conſiderate in you.

JULIE.

Yes, Sir, becauſe then you wou'd have ſomething elſe to do than to mind us——

SIR OWEN.

So!—very well innocent!

JULIE.

Then pray gentlemen don't go—let me intreat you to ſtay for our feſtival.

SONG.

SONG.

JULIE.

I.

Let me, gentle Pilgrim, entreat you comply,
I'm ſure by your looks you cannot long deny;
Kind Sir we beg you'll deign to ſtay,
To hail with glee our wedding day,
All on the green, with garlands freſh and fair,
Oh! what delight, wou'd you our paſtimes ſhare.
With dance and ſong
We'll join the throng
And baniſh every care;
For ſuch a theme,
Tho' young I ſeem,
Yet ſing I may one tender lay.
Oh! Love, O! gentleſt pow'r
Smile on the wedding hour.

II.

You ſee, my dear father, tho' young I can pleaſe,
The pilgrim will ſtay, I have won him with eaſe:
Yes, yes, I am ſure he can't ſay nay,
We all ſhall keep this holyday.
Then on the green, your pleaſure to enhance,
If you but think to Julie to advance,
Altho' not yet
Tall as Laurette,
I think you'll own I can dance.
With ſprightly ſtep
I'll bound, I'll leap,
And ſing all day
That happy lay,
O! Love, O! gentle pow'r,
Smile on the wedding hour.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir, the Seneſchal is come, leaving his troops above the wood; with a few followers, he waits impatiently to ſpeak to you——

SIR OWEN.

I come. (*Exit Servant.*) My friends it ſhall not be farewell, yet; I will return.

[*Exit, leaving Julie, who looks back, and makes ſigns to Blondel not to leave them.*

FRIEND.

You ſtill avoid being known to the Seneſchal.

BLONDEL.

Perhaps I may ſafely diſcloſe myſelf; but wherefore if Richard——

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

There is a youth without, who ſays he muſt be admitted to you.

BLONDEL.

To me?

SERVANT.

He that you heard play and ſing yeſterday.

BLONDEL.

——Pray let him come.—— [*Exit Servant.*

And after we will purſue our journey.

Enter MATILDA.

MATILDA.

How Sir? Did you doubt to ſee me? I have ſpent

ſpent the day requeſting it. You ſhou'd not have paus'd upon it, but hear me, and alone.—

BLONDEL.

I knew not your deſire ſooner—but how is this good youth—you were blind yeſterday?

MATILDA.

True; and ought I not to bleſs heaven, that the firſt object which preſents itſelf to my reſtor'd ſight is—Blondel!

BLONDEL.

Ha!—you know me then?

MATILDA.

Yes;—and can it be that you prepare to fly from hence? O! has no powerful impulſe work'd upon your heart? has no inſtinctive warning check'd the ill-guided purpoſe, ſtir'd in your alarm'd boſom, and chid the raſh deſertion of your valor's duty? Then periſh royal Richard! waſte on proud ſoul, in baſe captivity—thy careleſs friends paſs by thy priſon gates, and man and heaven deſert thee!

BLONDEL.

What can this mean? my royal maſter——

MATILDA.

Blondel—your king—your leader—your friend—paſs but theſe gates and you behold his priſon—but hold—

[*Enter* SIR OWEN *ſpeaking to the* SENESCHAL *and two* KNIGHTS.]

SIR OWEN.

Nay, but the youth you ſpeak of, is—

SENESCHAL.

Matilda—my noble miſtreſs! *(kneels)* thus let me excuſe the abrupt intruſion of my duty—

BLONDEL.

Matilda!

MATILDA.

Riſe Seneſchal!—Yes, Matilda—a fugitive from all ſhe ow'd her ſtation and a fathers love—but tell them peerleſs Richard was the cauſe—and tell them too, that heaven at length has ſanction'd what reſiſtleſs love reſolv'd—away reſerve—Seneſchal I know your zeal, and firm attachment to your maſter's friend—Sir Owen your monarch is in chains—and you are a Briton——

SIR OWEN.

We will deliver him, or die!

[*While the ſymphony plays, ſome of the* SENESCHAL'S *party go out and return with more of their friends, to whom they ſeem to relate what has paſs'd as they range themſelves behind* MATILDA.]

DIALOGUE and CHORUS.

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there.

CAVALIERS.

Strange the tidings that you bring,
Great Richard—England's mighty King!

MATILDA.

Ye Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
Great Richard is a pris'ner there,

CAVALIERS.

Can it be what you relate?
Who explor'd the monarch's fate?

MATILDA.

'Twas I, with ſong and veiled eyes,
Approach'd the walls in ſafe diſguiſe.
His voice I heard—Ah! doubt ye yet?
And cou'd my heart that voice forget.
No Cavaliers, yon caſtle drear,
King Richard is a pris'ner there.
But long a pris'ner ſhall he be,
Whom love and valour join to free?

CAVALIERS.

Not long a pris'ner ſhall he be.
Let us arm;
Here we ſwear to ſet him free.
Give th' alarm!

BLONDEL.

Haſte is vain,
'Tis prudence muſt his freedom gain;
Prudence muſt your rage reſtrain.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm.

MATILDA.

Blondel, check the raſh alarm.
What ſhou'd be done, oh, quickly tell;
Cavaliers, oh liſten to Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Blondel! Blondel! it is Blondel.

MATILDA.

Yes, Cavaliers, it is Blondel,
The friend of Richard—mark him well.

BLONDEL.

Let our deeds our friendſhip tell,
In the battle—mark Blondel.

CAVALIERS.

Let us arm, &c. &c. &c.

MATILDA.

Oh, now you give me life—O generous Sir Owen—O faithful Blondel!—and you my gallant friends.—But thanks wou'd wrong you—the cauſe is yours.

SENESCHAL.

No moment muſt be loſt; the troops I head, ſelect and brave, though ſmall their number, will attempt at leaſt whatever you command.

BLONDEL.

Our cauſe and valour ſhall ſupply the reſt.

MATILDA.

You, Sir Owen, know this Governor. Is he a man whom gold——

SIR OWEN.

I muſt be juſt. He's one whom neither fear nor intereſt will ſway.

BLONDEL.

Then force alone's our hope.

MATILDA.

Attend a moment.——Sir Owen, Floreſtan is appriz'd, that you intend this night a rural feaſt; he means to be partaker of your mirth, in hopes of ſpeaking with Laurette.

SIR

SIR OWEN.

How!

MATILDA.

I cannot now explain this; but be assured he will be here. Some chosen guards may then surround him, and demand the king's deliverance. If he refuses—

BLONDEL.

Then to arms!—Here indeed is hope. Seneschal direct your men to pass the wood, and nearer the morass attend our signal. Let us prepare and arm.

[*Exeunt* Blondel, Seneschal, *and* Cavaliers.

MATILDA.

The just avenger of the brave inspire and guide you!

Enter LAURETTE *and* SERVANTS.

LAURETTE.

My father, your village friends will be here straight, and the music is not yet come—then how shall we dance?

SIR OWEN.

They will be here my child—fear not my dear Laurette. *(Sir Owen seems to give directions to the servants.)*

LAURETTE.

My *dear* Laurette, so! he's not angry with me now—my dear father *(to Sir Owen)* now I am happy! only I wish Florestan cou'd be here to-night.

MATILDA.

MATILDA.——*(aside.)*

Charming Laurette! but I dare not truſt her yet—'tis happy, however, that the courſe we have determin'd on, is free from any peril to Floreſtan—in the midſt of my own anxieties, I am intereſted for her happineſs.

[*Matilda goes to Laurette and talks to her. Laurette expreſſes ſurprize at ſeeing her no longer blind.*]

SIR OWEN.

And mark me, you William, ſet my old buckler and great ſword in my cloſet.

WILLIAM.

Sir they'll be cumberſome to dance in.

SIR OWEN.

Fellow do as I bid you. *(puſhes him out)* Oh, more lights here in the hall—and d'ye hear—be ready to welcome all comers—ſo—*(calling thro' the ſide ſcene.—Obſerving Laurette and Matilda.)* I muſt not however appear in their ſecrets yet.

TRIO.

MATILDA, LAURETTE *and* SIR OWEN.

MATILDA.—*(aſide to Laurette.)*

Yes, yes, Floreſtan will be here,
After the dance he will appear.

LAURETTE.

Oh! what delight what joy 'twill be;
Sure he'll find means to ſpeak to me.

MATILDA

MATILDA—*(to Sir Owen, ſeeing him approach.)*
We no ſecrets have, good Knight,
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

LAURETTE—*(very demurely.)*
Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you,
The youth's well bred and honeſt too.

SIR OWEN.
I'm ſure you have no myſtery,
Pray talk on, and don't mind me.

LAURETTE—*(to Matilda aſide.)*
But does he know how well I love,
And does he ſwear he'll conſtant prove?

MATILDA.
Had you but ſeen the generous youth,
He knelt and vow'd eternal truth.

LAURETTE.
——— Kneel and vow,
Ah! he'll be true, I'm happy now.

SIR OWEN.
What, he tells thee that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light?

LAURETTE.
Yes, my father, very true,
We no ſecrets have from you:
He is ſaying that his ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

MATILDA.
We no ſecrets have, good Knight,
I am ſaying that my ſight
Is again reſtor'd to light.

SIR OWEN.

What he tells thee, &c. &c. &c.

LAURETTE.

Yes, my father, &c. &c.

(Tabors and pipes heard behind the ſcenes.)

SIR OWEN.

So, our gueſts are at hand. My Laurette give them welcome.

JULIE *runs in.*

JULIE.

They are all coming, and all ſo gay, and ſo neatly dreſs'd—indeed, Sir, they are—and I ſaw the little bride myſelf, bluſhing, and looking ſo pretty.——Dear it muſt be a charming thing to be married!

LAURETTE.

Yes, they are coming indeed, Sir.

SIR OWEN.

And are you ready, my little Julie, with the dance you——

JULIE.

Yes, that I am. But pray what are all thoſe fine knights gathering about the houſe for? They don't look as if they came to be merry. Indeed, ſiſter, they look ſo fierce, you'd be frighten'd.

SIR OWEN.

Oh no, my child, they will not hurt us.

JULIE.

JULIE.

No!—then I vow they ſhall all dance, ſwords, and helmets and all.

(She runs to meet the Peaſants, *who appear.)*

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not ſhar'd.

PEASANT.

When alone the maid ſits pining,
Nature's beauties ſeem declining,
Nothing can afford delight;
But the favour'd youth appearing,
With his preſence all things chearing,
Flowers how ſweet—the ſun how bright.

CHORUS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy till they're pair'd,
Nothing's joy that is not ſhar'd.

ANTONIO.

O'er the ſultry mountain ranging,
Shade and paſture ever changing,
Soon I tire my flock to tend;
But if chance Collette addreſs me,
Toil and heat no more oppreſs me,
Soon, too ſoon my labour's end.

CHORUS.

Join hearts—join hands,
In loving bands,
None are happy, &c. &c.

(DANCE OF PEASANTS.)

FLORESTAN, *having enter'd, and requeſted* LAURETTE *to be his partner, is preparing to dance.* ——(*Drums beat to Arms.*)

FLORESTAN.

Ha! what do I hear!

[SIR OWEN *and* MATILDA'S KNIGHTS *approach him.*]

SIR OWEN.

Sir—you are my priſoner.

FLORESTAN.

Sir!

SIR OWEN.

You.

FLORESTAN.

What treaſon is this?

CHORUS OF CAVALIERS.

Vain defiance, ſtrive no more,
Yield our King—our chief reſtore;
Vain reſiſtance—fate's decree
Sets impriſon'd Richard free.

FLORESTAN.

FLORESTAN.

Threats he fears not who is juſt
To his honour, to his truſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE CHANGES, *and repreſents the Caſtle aſſaulted by* Matilda's troops—Blondel *and* Sir Owen *encouraging them—the garriſon receives a reinforcement, and repels the attack with advantage* —Blondel *then puts himſelf at the head of the pioneers, and leads them to the attack—the aſſault continues*—Richard *appears on the Fortreſs without arms, endeavouring to free himſelf from three armed Soldiers—at this moment the wall falls with great noiſe*—Blondel *mounts the breach—runs to the* King, *wounds one of the* Guards, *and ſnatches his ſword—the King ſeizes it—they put the reſt of the Soldiers to* flight—Blondel *then throws himſelf at* Richard's *feet, who embraces him—at this moment is heard a loud and animating flouriſh of all the inſtruments, with the grand Chorus of* Long live the King!—*The beſiegers then diſplay the colours of* Matilda, *who appears followed by attendants, the* Seneſchal *and all the reſt of the people—She ſees* Richard *at liberty and led by* Blondel, *flies towards him and ſinks in his arms.—Floreſtan is then conducted to the* King *by the* Seneſchal *and* Sir Owen—Richard *returns him his ſword.*

[*The whole of this Action paſſes during the march which commences immediately after the flouriſh and chorus of* "Long live the King."

RICHARD.

Oh love! oh gratitude! you impede and not inſpire my efforts to expreſs the fond tranſports which ſwell here——Neglected by my ſubjects, forſaken by the thankleſs world.——When ſorrow had beat down my heart's defence—courageous hope!—But oh! Matilda!—what can I ſay to thee, my ſoul's beloved! my deliverance! my reward! (*Embraces her.*) (*To* Sir Owen, &c.) I have more thanks to pay. My heart feels all it owes. And when to my native England I return, ſo may I proſper in my ſubjects love, as I cheriſh in the memory of my ſufferings here—a leſſon to improve my reign—compaſſion ſhould be a monarch's nature—I have learn'd what 'tis to need it—the pooreſt peaſant in my land, when miſery preſſes, in his *King* ſhall find a friend.

FINALE.

Oh! bleſt event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we ſing;
Oh! may they with reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Protect the bleſſings which they bring.

MATILDA—(*to Laurette and Floreſtan.*)

Tho' Floreſtan you've been juſt
To your honour, to your truſt,
Nothing will your truth avail,
Guilt with tyrants is to fail.
A worthier fortune you may prove,
Yield to us, Laurette, and love.
Faithful lovers baniſh fear, } *joining their hands,*
Our delight, our triumph ſhare. } *Sir Owen aſſiſting.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Faithful lovers, &c. &c.

TRIO.

MATILDA, LAURETTE, *and* BLONDEL.

No more ſhall doubt or ſorrow
Diſturb my anxious breaſt,
The ſun that gilds to-morrow,
At length beholds me bleſt.

CHORUS.

Oh! bleſt event!—oh! glorious hour!
Liberty and love we ſing;
Oh! may they with reſiſtleſs power,
Protect the bleſſings which they bring!

FINIS.